

tically in the kindergarten stage. But, perhaps there's no harm in repeating an old truth, and, come to think of it, really that's about the biggest crime anyone could commit, to quit the quack newspapers for the quack magazines. It's not only criminal, it's foolish. What Barber et al. should have done was to stick to the quack newspapers, even if the quack magazines could deliver the suckers' money quicker. Well, what's the use of talking? Boys will be boys, and it's quite natural for Jim Keeley and the others to feel sore. They have a grievance, and why should they not air that grievance? And air it any way they want to? Boys like to play, that is, boys of the nature of the quack press publishers. They like to play with double-leaded type, neat little first page boxes, scare heads and so forth. It makes no difference who they put in those boxes. Sometimes it's a politician who has insulted the biggest boy of the lot. Well, the boys get together and decide to give this here politician a dose of double-lead. Or the biggest boy may play it alone for awhile and call it a scoop. That's all right, too. Most of the others (all but Andy) will agree that it IS a scoop. But that little devil Andy won't play fair. I kind of like Andy a little better than the others for that reason. Andy'll just steal the stuff openly. And then the other boys in the publishing game call Andy a thief.

Say, let's cut this out for a while. I'm getting tired. It's old, anyway. Would never do for Bertie Taylor. He would throw it right into the pickling vats. Well, our club is watchfully waiting for the not far distant day when the entire quack press will be thrown into the pickling vats and be seen only in the Field Museum and the Art Institute. Yours, on behalf of the first Day Book Club, Wilmette,

Alfred Gordon.

P. S.—Not a sound from Glengko since Day Book threw that scare into Bertie. Tribune afraid of Day Book?

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